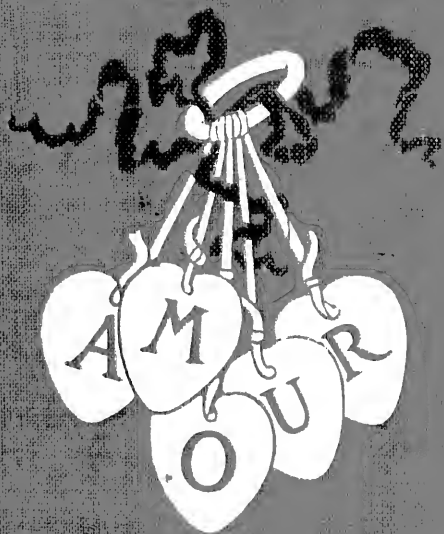


# SOME OTHER THINGS



BUT HERE WOMAN TAKES  
HER PROPER PLACE

CHARLES HALSTED MAPES



Class L 111.47

Book .M 25

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>                     

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**











**By Charles Halsted Mapes**

**The Man Who One Day a Year Would  
Go "Eelin'."**

**Some Other Things: But Here Woman  
Takes Her Proper Place.**



# Some Other Things

But Here Woman Takes Her  
Proper Place

By

Charles Halsted Mapes

Author of

"The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go Eelin'"

G. P. Putnam's Sons  
New York and London  
The Knickerbocker Press

1913

LD1247  
.M25

COPYRIGHT, 1913  
BY  
CHARLES HALSTED MAPES



The Knickerbocker Press, New York

©CL A358765

To

MY FRIEND

WINSTON H. HAGEN

THAT MAN OF MANY SIDES

WHOSE SINISTER SUGGESTION STARTED ME ON MY MAD CAREER

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED



## INTRODUCTION

THE attitude of the Press towards my first book, *The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go Eelin'*, has been so very friendly, I have been tempted to try again. While its scope was pretty broad, even going so far as to include under college sports a poker game and a couple of stories on horse racing, nevertheless, I found after it had been issued that there had been two omissions, one of them, at least, rather curious, Baseball—and the Ladies.

In the present collection of a dozen new stories and sketches, I have corrected these, including a story, "A College Baseball Game from the Players' Bench," in which I have endeavored to describe "A New Angle"; something it is needless to say I should not dare to attempt with the fair sex, although they also now receive their full meed of attention.

C. H. M.

NEW YORK,  
December, 1913.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. MY NOVEL IDEA . . . . .	3
II. A COLLEGE BALL GAME . . . . .	21
III. ONE TOUCH OF NATURE . . . . .	44
IV. COLUMBIA ROWING, SEASON OF 1911 . . . . .	53
V. MY CROWDED HOUR . . . . .	63
VI. ALUMNI RECEPTION . . . . .	75
VII. MY LADY'S POWDER BOX . . . . .	83
VIII. THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT . . . . .	93
IX. ANNAPOLIS CELEBRATION . . . . .	101
X. TRYING IT ON A NEW SPECIES OF DOG . . . . .	111
XI. SPRING OUTING OF THE THREE SOCIETIES . . . . .	117
XII. THE TERRIBLE SWEDE . . . . .	125





I

MY NOVEL IDEA

*A Story Without an Ending*



# I

## MY NOVEL IDEA

### *A Story Without an Ending*

I DO not know what kink there is in my make-up, but instead of becoming normally and wholesomely interested in girls, I have always found myself meeting too attractive married women and indulging in vain imaginings of how very different things would have been had they been otherwise. Perhaps, as some one said of the *Tribune's* famous foreign correspondent, George W. Smalley, I was always strongest along the safest lines.

Be that as it may, for years I had been going through various experiences of this kind, all of them interesting, some of them curiously so. Like sporting life, it might be checkered

but was never dull. What sayeth Thomas Bailey Aldrich?

In youth, forsooth, Cupid is blind,  
He loves not Woman, but Womankind.

And by this definition I had certainly retained my youth in spite of steadily increasing years.

More through good luck than good management, no doubt, no harm ever seemed to come of this obviously playing with fire; in fact, the general result was that after my little affairs had run their natural course, and, for reasons differing in each individual case had come to a similar end, I found myself in possession of a good many old and very dear friends. I woke up one day, however, to find that, like the proverbial pitcher, I had gone to the well once too often.

How well I remember my first meeting Elsa. It was at the opera and Mary Garden was singing "Louise." I know nothing of music, but in a dumb, unreasoning way I am tremendously fond of it, and "Louise"—this

---

was the first time I heard it—made a deep impression on me. Elsa and I were in a box with some people. I did not catch her name when introduced, and was so placed that for the first half of the evening hardly even saw her, but afterwards remembered a fleeting impression of a very lovely, charming woman of the world, with a quality peculiarly her own, both gracious and thoroughbred. Then by some shift in our box party, I found myself in the chair directly behind her. She also admired "Louise," which she knew thoroughly, and was deeply fond of music, so we only talked in the intervals, but they were long and gave me plenty of opportunity. I found her sympathetic and we were getting along famously, when I received one of the most curious surprises of my life. I was telling her of a recent strange little personal experience of mine to which she was listening with the liveliest interest, when at a certain point she said, "I must tell Seton that." "Seton?" I asked. "My husband, Seton," she replied, and I felt

in the cardiac region a curious sharp little twinge. I was so amazed that I drew back in my chair and stopped talking. Here was a new one! With my practices, if not theories, of many years, a woman whom I had only known for half an hour, however charming she might be, says "My husband" and I feel a twinge, slight perhaps but unmistakable, of pain! I had not thought about it at all, although I must have known from the first that she was not an unmarried woman, not from her self-possession,—Heaven knows our modern girls leave nothing to be desired on the score of self-possession,—but something in her poise, her breadth of view.

I always felt that it would be well-nigh impossible to describe Elsa. There was something intangible, evanescent about her peculiar charm for which mere written words are totally inadequate. While perhaps her strongest mental characteristic was a certain judicial quality, it was coupled with a something almost the exact opposite. A woman

---

some time afterwards in speaking of her said, "You know, Elsa Gardner always suggests to me a wood nymph." It is curious that in writing of her or thinking of her things come to me that other women have said of her, but it is quite natural, as she was strangely attractive to women as well as to men. As I once told her, I noticed that when she was among a group of women, all apparently equally intimate and dear friends, each one had a little personal note of tenderness in regard to Elsa quite different from what they showed towards any one else.

The judicial quality, which I felt strongly, even the first night I met her, is, I think, the rarest of all qualities in a woman. You may have clever women, witty women, brilliant women, but rarely a judicial woman, one who arrives at conclusions by calm processes of reason. In fact, I am rather inclined to think it a dangerous quality for a woman to possess, for unless almost abnormally developed, it is more than apt to lead her astray. A woman's

instinct is wonderfully strong and true but when she ceases to trust to this and attempts to be guided by cold reason, the results are more than often disastrous.

I find it most difficult to convey an adequate idea of even Elsa's personal appearance. Something classic, perhaps Grecian about the line of her nose and chin, but anything of severity in the picture was entirely softened away by the frame—masses of fair brown hair of that almost indescribable color sometimes called "mouse," low over the brow and ears, worn so simply and apparently naturally that it seemed as though she could wear it no other way, but I learned afterwards it had been suggested by a celebrated London coiffeur after exhaustive study and trial. It was a high-spirited, rebellious head of hair, impatient of restraint, and with an inborn tendency to mischievousness. No matter how carefully confined, before long it would break loose in the most surprising little ways. There was never anything serious in its prank-



ishness and I rather believe its owner did not feel quite as provoked about it as at times she would have it appear. I for one would not have had its spirit broken for anything in the world.

Elsa had a broad low brow with steady eyes, rather far apart. There was a something, particularly in dinner dress, thoroughbred and stag-like about the carriage of her head and the lines of her throat and shoulders.

When I had only known Elsa a very short time I proposed that we should do a little something, not improper or out of the way at all, but perhaps rather *intime*, considering we had only met two or three days before. "Why, Mr. Morgan," she said, "I could n't possibly do that, I don't know you well enough." "Now, Mrs. Gardner," I replied, "I was reading an advertisement of the Hecker-Jones Milling Company the other day about their flour and I suggest that we adopt it as our motto." "Why," she replied laughing, "what could anything they say

have to do with us?" "You 'll see; it read, 'Eventually—Why not now?'" She looked at me quickly. I met her eyes, held them for an appreciable instant. "All right," she said, "I 'll come."

Elsa had wonderful eyes. A woman who loved her dearly once told me that she would rather look in Elsa's eyes than in any eyes in the world. This was such a sweeping statement that I felt it incumbent upon me to test its accuracy myself and did so the next time I met Elsa, somewhat to her embarrassment. I cordially endorsed the sentiment.

I began to call her "Elsa" almost curiously soon. There is nothing I loathe and despise more than a certain type of masculine mind which counts cheap familiarity as an achievement and this spirit was farthest from my thoughts, but thinking of her and talking to her as I did, it was simply out of the question to use her formal title. She appreciated this and did not object, but it was months before she would call me "Ralph" and then only

---

very occasionally, as a mark of some special approval, and when she did I told her it made me feel as though she were stroking my hair.

I soon noticed one thing. Whether I was with Elsa for a few moments or many hours, it seemed all too short. The sense of the impending parting was always with me from the very first. One day I wrote her of this and asked her if she remembered the old story of the poor woman from the inland New England farm, who, when she saw the ocean for the first time, said she thanked God that once before she died she had seen enough of something. Well, I believed that if I were led to the brink of eternity and told, "There's eternity and here's Elsa, now I hope you're satisfied," I'd shake my head doubtfully and reply, "Perhaps it'll seem long enough."

I had perhaps met Elsa four or five times when I was struck with a brilliant idea. I had for years thought that some day or other I would write a novel, but before you can write anything the first essential is to have some-

thing to write about. The requisite theme or plot had never as yet forced itself on my attention. I had always also believed that anything true and real should from that very fact, if equally well told, be of more value than the mere product of imagination.

Well, my brilliant idea was this. Here was infinitely the most interesting and biggest thing that had come into my life. I would write it out as I lived it, the title to be, "How I Lived and Wrote My Novel." The idea had also brilliant possibilities on the side—it would open up an intimacy with Elsa immediately that I could not hope to bring about for years, if ever, in the ordinary course of events. You see, I could write up our daily life, using the actual facts as a foundation, but in the writing could give expression to all I felt, what the little daily happenings with her meant to me, and putting the truth with perhaps some little necessary embellishments at times in the guise of fiction, I could show it to her and let her know things which it

---

would otherwise have been impossible to speak to her about.

I went to work with enthusiasm, wrote up the rough outlines of the first few chapters bearing on what had already happened. Chapter I, for instance, was "The Night I First Heard 'Louise' and Met Elsa." Then I went along in the same way for three or four more chapters, telling much of what I have given above, although some of it I think came after the start of the novel idea. It is hard on looking back afterwards to get the chronology exactly straight. When I next met her I told her my idea. She said, "Ralph, that will be great. It will be no end of fun trying to separate fact from fiction. It will be as good as a game." I smiled a bit grimly to myself as I thought that if she but knew she'd find precious little fiction about it. We had a perfect afternoon and I felt that the great idea was already bearing fruit. Certainly we had never seemed quite so intimate before.

I trotted right off and wrote that afternoon up as Chapter V, "I Tell Elsa my Novel Idea and Take a Big Step Forward," and recounted more or less of what had taken place, adding things according to my theory which I could not have said and bringing out my idea of the more intimate bearing of what had actually been spoken. I told her, for instance, how, seeing her, there had come back to me a recollection which I had forgotten for many years—a candy which an old Turk whom I used to know put on the market, calling it "Turkish Lacoons—A Morsel of Pure Delight." Knowing that she was going to read what I had written, you see I could grow quite gay and lay little traps. For instance, in speaking of the novel idea, I put in, "Elsa, dear child, thinks it is a game."

Then I went on to tell how what I was doing reminded me of D'Annunzio and Duse but with one essential difference—he sacrificed Duse while I was entirely willing to sacrifice myself. I was actuated by exactly the same

---

spirit as the scientific investigator who has himself inoculated with the yellow fever germ. If tragedy comes, if I die of a broken heart, so much the worse for me but the better for Art. With an eye on Elsa, I put in a footnote, "Observe the capital A." It was most interesting and by keeping the touch light I was able to handle pretty serious things. For what did Kipling say in the introduction to one of his books of stories?—"In jesting guise, but ye are wise and know what the jest is worth." Elsa, like the inhabitants of India, was also wise and I shrewdly opine knew full well, at all times, what the jests were worth.

About this time I had a very curious little conversation with her. I was telling her some of the intimate, fanciful little personal things I was so fond of dreaming about her, when she pulled me up sharply and said almost sternly, "Ralph, you must n't think such things of me, you have no right to." I knew she meant what she said, or at least thought she did, but

determined to try her out a little. "Elsa, there's no use talking that way; I can't help feeling and thinking of you as I do, and you know it, but perhaps I can stop telling you." She hesitated a moment and then said, even if a little doubtfully, "No, if you are going to think them you might just as well keep on telling me I suppose." I shall always regard it as the greatest achievement of my career that I kept my smile entirely beneath the surface, not even letting it come up to take breath.

I had always been, like certain other more illustrious citizens of this Republic, rather a practical man. The situation in which I now found myself and the efforts required to live up to what was expected of me had certain elements of amusement. I spoke to Elsa once about this and told her that while of course I was going to try to become what she evidently wanted and expected me to be—an orchid—I was afraid the transition from a meat diet was going to prove rather violent.



---

Consciously, as we count time by the calendar, I had only known Elsa a few short weeks but in some curious subconscious way I felt I had known her always, since the very beginning of things, and she seemed to understand. Elsa happened one day to remark, "If I were free—" It would have been too banal to say much, it was perhaps banal to say anything, but I could n't help it—I told her I would have done what I had never yet done to any woman. I had chanced to mention several days before the rather curious fact that I had never asked any woman to marry me, and she understood as she will always now understand everything.

I then wrote Chapter VI, title, "I Show Elsa First Five Chapters and Part I Comes to an End." We read all the chapters over together again from the beginning, with what I had just written. I told her of the man who said not even Almighty Providence could take from him the good dinners he had eaten. These few short weeks had been so good, so

wonderful, and would be mine as long as memory lasted. But I explained and she agreed with me that it was useless to go on with the writing. The history of the daily occurrences from now on would be of course most interesting to us, but, while the present phase of our life continued, they could be nothing but more or less repetition. The "Novel Idea" which had so largely led me to do it at the first as a means of bringing us closer together had accomplished its work long ago. There was nothing we could not now talk about without the necessity of first going through the pretense of writing it out as fiction, and I therefore considered that Book I was closed. Whatever else was to come—it might be years, if ever, before some new phase of our lives made it possible—was in the lap of the gods. Until then we must write

FINIS.

## II

A COLLEGE BALL GAME FROM THE PLAYERS'  
BENCH—A NEW ANGLE



## II

### A COLLEGE BALL GAME FROM THE PLAYERS' BENCH—A NEW ANGLE

THE weather was lovely and when our graduate manager telephoned to me, suggesting that I should go down with him to see Columbia play Princeton, I decided to take an afternoon off. Columbia had a very much better nine than usual, and while the Princeton nine always ranks about the top of the college nines, this particular season they were weak and it looked as though we ought to pull off the game, and if anything of that kind was going to happen I wanted to be in at the death.

I have always been very fond of Princeton. All my family on my mother's side for generations have gone there, my great-grandfather

for many years occupying that almost mythological position, the oldest living graduate; both my uncles were Princeton men, one of them, by the way, rowing on the Princeton Freshman Crew which won the Intercollegiate Regatta at Saratoga back in '74 or '75. The other, after graduating and taking a course at Johns Hopkins and abroad, returned to Princeton as a tutor in mathematics. As a boy of fourteen or fifteen, I used very often to go down to see him, and with this family history and these opportunities I naturally got to know Princeton very well and grew very fond of it. I have ever since kept in very close touch with Princeton affairs, going there very much more often than to any other outside university.

I shall never forget one little experience I had the first time I visited my uncle, the tutor. He asked me if I would like to hear one of the recitations and of course to a schoolboy it was a great opportunity and I eagerly accepted. To my great delight when I got to the class-

---

room there was one of my great Princeton football heroes, one of the finest linesmen of his day. My enthusiasm was a bit dampened when in the course of the hour he was called to the board and was rapturously applauded by the rest of the class for even knowing the theorem (it was in trigonometry). I was greatly shocked to notice that not only my football friend had been sitting with his book open during the course of the recitation, even giving a backward glance on his way to the board, but practically every one else in the room was doing the same, poring over their books with but the barest attempts at concealment, while my uncle apparently sat curiously, and as it seemed almost wilfully, ignorant of this to me terrible breach of classroom discipline.

After the hour was over on our way back to his home, he asked me how I liked the way he conducted his recitations. I said, "Uncle George, I don't want to be impolite, but I thought it was perfectly rotten. How could

you help noticing how they were all keeping their books open and even looking back at them when you called them up?" "Why, Charlie," he replied, "you don't catch on. That was the fourth section, made up of the laziest and stupidest men in the class. Most of them don't study a bit but I have them four hours a week in the classroom and by calling up, as you may have noticed, only two or three of them and pretending not to see what the others are up to, I get practically four hours' hard study a week out of every one of them."

If my respect for the intellectual side of a Princeton football hero had received rather a rude jolt, it was more than counterbalanced by this entirely unexpected exhibition of horse sense on the part of that wild young Princeton tutor, my beloved uncle.

But I am supposed to be writing about a baseball game. The manager and I met at the Pennsylvania Station, had a hasty bite, and took the 12.08 train, as we wished to get



to Princeton a bit early to talk over some matters connected with the Princeton-Columbia dual track meet which was coming off in a couple of weeks. We went right out to the grounds, where we found they were holding their Annual Spring Championship Inter-class Athletic Games, which, for some reason or other they call at Princeton Caledonian Games, possibly on account of the long connection with the institution of that fine old Scotchman, George Goldie.

Our ball team was in a far corner of the field indulging in a little limbering up, batting practice, etc. We went over to speak to them and then went back in front of the track house and had a talk with the Princeton undergraduate track manager, McMillan, and Keene Fitzpatrick, the trainer. There had been a misunderstanding in regard to the eligibility rules for the Columbia-Princeton meet, as the rules of the universities differed somewhat, and as there had been correspondence with various people taking part, it

took some little time to see just how each side had stated their position and to arrive at a final basis for a compromise. We found ourselves, therefore, still talking it over when the baseball game started, and as it had to be settled, for several innings we stayed where we were and only watched the progress of the game from the corner of our eyes.

Things were not going well for Columbia. What few hits we were making were so scattered as to amount to nothing, while everything seemed to be "breaking right" for Princeton. A man would single, be advanced to second, and then another hit would come along scoring him, the timely Princeton hitting being helped out by the occasional Columbia errors falling in exactly the right place.

We got through our discussion and went over and sat on the players' bench right alongside the coach and team just as this process was well under way.

We found it was the first half of the third inning with the score 2 to 0 in Princeton's

---

favor. In our half of the inning Columbia went out in one, two, three order, but Princeton kept up their good work with a vengeance. The first man up singled, second went out on a fly, the next man tripled, scoring one run, and then scored on a hit to the pitcher which the runner beat out to first. The following man struck out and the side should have been retired on a long fly to right field but this was obligingly muffed and another run came in. The next man mercifully flied out, netting three runs to this inning, making the score 5 to 0 in Princeton's favor. The game looked hopelessly lost. Both the manager and myself noticed that not only was our crack pitcher being hit far more freely than usual, but he didn't seem to be working just right. His favorite ball, delivered low from about the knee, which should rise and pass the batter between his waist and shoulder, seemed to be going high and called a "ball" instead of "strike," as expected. The manager asked the coach, "What's the trouble with Smith's

low ball, Bill?" "It's the mound; look at the mound." The Princeton pitcher's mound for some reason or other was unusually high, so that when Smith delivered this ball from about his knee, as was his custom, it started so high that by the time it reached the batter on its upward course, it was outside the strike zone.

I became at once very much interested in the talk of the coach and players on the bench. It brought out an entirely new angle of baseball, the intimate, personal side, in a way I had never appreciated before. Our baseline coaches had been calling out to the Princeton pitcher from time to time, "Just about one inning more for you, my boy," "Here's where we get you," etc., and the players were constantly talking to each other about his work, telling what they thought he had and why they should be able to hit him. The manager said to Rosey, "He should be pie for you, Rosey." "I should think so; nothing but straight and out, straight and out.

---

Just watch me get to him." And Rosey, honest, hard-working little player that he was, soon made good his boast. One line drive of his, good for one base and probably two, had been luckily "speared" by the Princeton third baseman, but a little later, in the fourth inning, he cracked out a fine three-bagger when the bases were full and put Columbia right in the game again when it had seemed hopelessly lost. In fact, all through the afternoon he was hitting the ball right on the nose.

Our No. 4 man, the position of clean-up hitter, however, did not seem to be working right. Instead of hitting with his usual free swing, he seemed to be just poking at the ball. I asked the manager what the matter was. He said, "He 's following the out curve. He 's always weak on out curves." One point I noticed especially about all the men's batting: if they struck at a good ball in their right form, even though they missed it by a foot, they received nothing but encouragement—"Good swinging, boy," "The big one 's left,"

"It only takes one, you know," etc., they would call from the bench. But if they offered at a bad one which would have been called a "ball" if they let it pass, or forgot their batting form and struck from a cramped position awkwardly, there would be growls and muttered curses.

But to get back to the course of the game. In our half of the fourth inning the first man went out, but two errors, a dropped fly, and a fumbled grounder put the next two on base and a single following gave Columbia their first run. The next man up also singled, filling the bases again amidst great excitement, and then good little Rosey tripled to right, as spoken of above, scoring three runs. The next man was an easy out, leaving Rosey on third. This inning, however, changed the complexion of the game absolutely: four runs had come in and 5 to 4 was a very different proposition from 5 to 0.

The Princeton stands, which had been sitting in quiet enjoyment of a game coming

---

their way unexpectedly easily, woke up with a start. On our players' bench and among the few faithful rooters who had accompanied the Columbia team, all was excitement and expectation. Things were coming our way; we were right in it again.

When Princeton had their big lead the work of the Columbia coaches on the baseline had struck me as a little unpleasant. The ethics of telling the opposing pitcher that he could only last one inning more, "Good-night for you, old fellow," etc., seemed rather dubious, especially as Princeton was keeping very quiet when their turn at coaching came. But as soon as we drew up and the outcome of the game became very doubtful, there was little to choose. They became every bit as noisy and just about as personal. They displayed, however, a curious lack of originality. The man who coached them from the third-base line, and did most of the Princeton talking, said one thing twenty-five times if he said it once, "Here 's where we take this little game."

He ran the entire gamut of emotions from despairing hope to exultant certainty by the intonation he threw into this slogan. It reminded me of a story I once heard. A German missionary in Africa was called on in the course of his duty to hold a service for some natives whom he knew did not understand a word of the German language. He was a man of resource and evidently believed in the conservation of energy. When it came to his sermon he merely repeated the German alphabet over and over again. After going through it three or four times as a sort of a warming up canter, the appeal he put into his A B C D E F G would have touched a heart of stone, but he did n't have anything on my Princeton's friend's, "Here 's where we take this little game."

The game now went along for three or four innings without any runs being scored or any decided advantage to either side; what there was being in our favor. Our pitcher had evidently grown accustomed to his sur-



---

roundings and was doing splendid work, up to his top form, which is saying a good deal. The Princeton hitting had stopped absolutely and for several innings they hardly got a ball outside the diamond. While we were not making many hits we were hitting the ball harder than they, several times threatening to score. Our men had absolutely regained their confidence. They felt that the worst was over and the "break" when it did come would go their way.

One thing that struck me particularly in this period of the game on the players' bench was the constant encouragement and solicitude for the pitcher. The pitcher is fully seventy-five per cent. of the average baseball game and probably considerably more in college games. The players realize this and do all in their power to render him effective. Our catcher would constantly call, "Now you're working, Smith," "Get your back in, Smith," "That's pitching, Smith," and as Smith was an A No. 1 pitcher, his department being decidedly

better than the work of the balance of the team, and the men all knew and appreciated this, he never came back to the bench after an inning without receiving kindly words of encouragement and approbation.

In the eighth inning we made the run needed to tie up the game. The first man at the bat singled to right, stole second, and came home on a single to left. The next man singled to right field on a hit and run play, but Princeton fielded the ball in sharply, catching the runner at the plate, and a moment later the shortstop gathered in a line drive and touched out a man running from second to third, putting an end to a rally which had threatened to sew up the game then and there.

About this time a very amusing incident occurred. With one run needed to give us the lead, one of our men, Danny, was running to third with every intention of getting home as quickly as possible and settling the matter, once and for all. The Princeton third baseman naturally held somewhat different views

---

on this subject, and interfered in a manner which Danny thought was not justified by the established rules of baseball. In a minute there was a mix-up with fists raised and players running up from both sides. After a few excited words the men were seen to shake hands amidst boisterous laughter and applause from the grandstand. When Danny came back to the bench after the inning was over, having failed to score, the coach said, "Did you call that Princeton man a —— Danny?" using a term that the *New York Times* would never feel justified in putting in its immaculate columns. Danny replied, "How in hell do I know? I was mad all through." And all discussion ceased. Danny is a broth of a boy, red-headed, fighting Irish all through, and with a pair of legs which would blush any self-respecting piano into modest retirement. The popular opinion on the Columbia bench was that some Princeton man's life had been luckily spared by the adjustment of the little difficulty.

The way the coach and his fellow-players would talk to the men about to go to the bat at this time when all was excitement was most interesting. A man would be due to come up second or third say from the man then batting. The coach would say, "Bud, if you get your chance will you hit it?" And Bud would grasp his bat with his strong brown hands until his fingers and knuckles would go all blotchy, purple and white, with the tenseness of his grip. "You bet your life I will, Bill, just watch me." If fell determination and fierce looks could be absolutely counted on to breed base hits, the Princeton pitcher would have left the box then of his own accord, instead of waiting to be batted out of it in an inning or two, as actually happened.

Princeton did n't score in their half of the eighth and the game was still tied. In the ninth inning Columbia kept up their heavy batting. Rosey singled to right, Smith was safe on the error of the Princeton pitcher, and the next man laid down a bunt, putting the

---

runners on second and third. Watt singled to right and Rosey scored. Our next man hit to first base and Smith was caught going to third. Watt then proceeded to steal third unassisted, but the best the next Columbia man could do was an easy grounder. This, however, gave us one run, putting us in the lead for the first time.

In Princeton's half of the ninth the first man walked, the second man was out, short-stop to first, the runner taking second. The next man up went out, third to first, but with two out a little Texas Leaguer dropped safe between three men, any one of whom looked as though he ought to have gotten it, and the game was tied again instead of being won by Columbia.

The tenth inning opened with a new Princeton pitcher. He walked the first man and was promptly yanked off the mound, a third pitcher going in. The man on first was forced at second when Danny hit to the pitcher. Danny died stealing second and the third

man went out, shortstop to first. No runs. In their half the first Princeton man singled, the next flied out, but the third was walked. The next man up got a short hit to centre, filling the bases. The man on third then was forced at the home plate, but with the bases still full the Princeton man at the bat lined out a nice single to right, scoring the winning run.

The manager turned sadly to me, saying almost in the words of our Princeton friend, "There goes the game; it's a mighty tough one to lose." And it certainly was. After coming up from a score of 5 to 0 against us, tying the game, and getting the lead, with a number of chances to win by a decisive score, it was pretty hard to lose out 6-5 in the tenth inning in this way. We walked down to the station feeling that we never wanted to see the old place again. What a difference putting the one run on the other side of the score would have made. Our team had lost three or four very important games by a very small

---

margin; in fact, at the close of the season we found that Columbia had only been beaten more than two runs in one game, when the score was 4 to 0 against us. The manager remarked, "If you only had ten runs to place where you needed them during the season, what an awful difference it would make." I suggested that here was a new idea. Baseball teams could be handicapped by giving them a bisque of a run or two to be used where they wanted them during the season.

The next morning, however, when the feeling of soreness over what had seemed the unnecessary loss of a very important game had somewhat worn off, we all realized that it had been a bully good sporting day and we would only too gladly go through another such one at the very first opportunity.





### III

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE  
WORLD KIN



### III

#### ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN

WE all are creatures of habit and I have always been peculiarly so. For many years I lunched in the little front Broadway room of the Café Savarin in the Equitable Life Building. It was noisy, the food, not particularly good, was expensive, and my friends often asked me why I kept going to the rotten old place—but kept going I did and every day as regularly as the sun rose I could be found in my usual corner at one of three or four tables.

Why, I remember on my way down-town the day the Equitable Building burned, when the guard on the elevated road told me it was

burning and must be a total loss, instead of considering the perhaps millions of dollars of damage with the enormous friction and interruption to the entire business world the loss of the securities stored in the great vaults must entail, my first thought was, "Where the devil shall I lunch now?"

Going as I did so regularly for many years, I naturally grew to know very well the waiters in charge of the few tables, at one of which I sat each day. I always had definite theories on the treatment of waiters. I tip them fairly liberally and under no circumstances ever row with them for two very good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, if you lose your temper the meal is spoiled beyond possibility of redemption, and secondly, I know at bottom they are human beings like the rest of us. From their constant association with vast numbers of people they are most excellent judges of human nature and in a very short time are certain to appreciate and return by every means in their power

any decent, kindly feeling which may be displayed towards them.

And the provocations they have to put up with. The awful number of Americans who think it is smart, shows a man of the world, to find fault with and bully the poor waiter before he has even a chance to try to please. The little oddities of personality the restaurant lunch will bring out! I remember one day in the Savarin a tall distinguished-looking man took the table next to mine. His dress, clean-cut features indicated the lawyer, with the possible suggestion of the statesman in his smooth-shaven, thin-lipped austerity. He carefully adjusted his glasses with their broad, black ribbon while the waiter hung at his shoulder. At last he ordered—"A hot roast beef sandwich," the cheapest and in fact the only cheap thing on the bill of fare. This was discouraging, but the waiter still had hopes. "Anything to drink, sir?" "Yes," he said, "a long glass of water—with ice."

Another day I had a friend of mine at lunch,

a very successful business man with a rough brusque way about him. He was conscious of this and pushed it along as a bit of a pose. I had my favorite waiter, Albert, that day. He was serving the lunch with exactly that proper mixture of polite attention and deference which goes so far to make you think that your suspicion that the fish is perhaps not as fresh as it ought to be is unworthy of you. All went well until my friend called to him, "Josh, get me some more butter." Just think, he, a worthy exponent of the unfailing courtesy of La Belle France, to be called to by a bull-necked, red-headed American upstart, "Josh, get me some more butter." You should have seen his look of indignant protest directed towards my friend, the appeal of his glance to me. I could say nothing, of course, but I tried to make my eyes tell him in response that it was too much to hope that all this world of ours could be peopled by sensitive souls like ourselves and I think he understood.

---

But to get down to the incident I started to write about. All the waiters in my little particular section of the Savarin were very nice fellows with one possible exception. He was a heavy, pale-faced Frenchman, absolutely devoid of expression, with flat cheeks like boards and eyes which suggested nothing so much as two holes burned in such boards. My waiters' system worked even on him and he always served me very attentively and politely, but none of my friends who used to lunch with me from time to time could stand him at all. He seemed to get on their nerves. They would immediately speak sharply to him, and while he was too well trained to obtrusively show any resentment, he would do his work mechanically, with something of sullenness which you could not help feeling. At the best he seemed but a wooden block, necessary perhaps in the mechanism of the great restaurant, but absolutely without any personality or human feeling.

All this was until a certain memorable never-

to-be-forgotten day. It had been a day of great excitement. My offices are on the river-front, on the corner of Liberty and West streets, and about 11.30 there had been a tremendous explosion which shook the building to its very foundation and almost broke its heavy plate-glass windows. Many thousands of dollars' worth of glass in that section was shattered. No one knew what had happened. I hurried from the office and started down West Street towards the Battery, from which direction the sound came; if you could locate at all anything which was so enormous it seemed to come from everywhere. The streets were crowded with people all running in the same general direction. As I passed by one of the little cheap booths on West Street where they sell shoes, etc., for the sailors, the proprietor, an old foreigner, standing in the doorway called out to me, "What is it, what is it?" I knew no more than he did, but with a fling of my arm I shouted back, "The Japs are landing at the Battery. On to



meet them!" I shall never forget his look of utter bewilderment and consternation.

At the Battery my bootblack friends knew all about it, as I was sure that they would, and told me that a powder barge over on the Jersey coast had blown up. After watching the thousands of excited people who were gathered there for a little while, I went to the Savarin for my lunch at about the usual hour, and by chance found myself being waited on by my friend referred to above. In some way he had evidently learned where my offices were because he asked me with quite a little show of interest whether any damage had been done to our building which he knew was on the water-front and approximately close to the scene of the explosion. I told him, "No." Then he went on to say, "A good many curious things have happened lately, have n't they, Mr. Morgan?" I was not particularly anxious to talk to him and asked him shortly what he was referring to. He said, "Did n't you read of the burglary the other night in Flatbush?"

I said, "No." "Yes, sir," he said, "the *Evening Telegram* had a long account of it; I was the man." "What," I said, "you were the burglar?" For the first time in the years I had known him I saw him laugh. "No," he replied, "I was the man they robbed. The *Evening Telegram* said he was a merchant." "Now," he said, "if they had called me a soup merchant it would have been about right." I could have almost hugged him in my contrition. There we for years had been considering him a hopeless lump without one particle of human feeling, a pumpkin-head, the boys' Jack-o'-lantern, but with the light behind, the gleam of intelligence left out, and all the time under his unprepossessing exterior he had concealed this fine sense of humor. After this we became great friends and one of my chief regrets when the Savarin was destroyed in the Equitable fire was that I lost track of him and have never seen him since that day.

# IV

COLUMBIA ROWING SEASON, 1911



## IV

### COLUMBIA ROWING SEASON, 1911

GENTLEMEN of the Columbia crews, Varsity, Freshman, Four, substitutes and 1911 squad generally, as Dean Van Amringe will tell you, we alumni are mighty proud of every mother's son of you. You have added much this season to Columbia's fame in the sport which has always meant most to her—rowing. Morton Bogue well said in his letter to the *Alumni Weekly*, all things considered, this has been Columbia's best year on the water. Dean Van Amringe will present later the trophies and prizes you have won and no doubt will refer particularly to the victories they commemorate, but some general impressions of the season and its lessons may not be out of place now.

The preliminary season could not have been better. The Varsity rowed four races and won them all without even being fully extended. What happened at Poughkeepsie is of course fresh in all our minds. The Four showed excellent form and rowed a creditable race. The Freshmen who had been improving steadily throughout the season came to their own and by their splendid victory proved themselves easily the best Freshman crew of the year, and the Varsity race with Cornell was generally described in the press as the best race ever rowed at Poughkeepsie which, of course, means ever rowed in America.

Who that saw the Varsity race will ever forget it? I can see it now. The wonderful pace of the first mile—for Wisconsin and Syracuse to drop back as they did was not surprising, but for the much-touted Pennsylvania, by many picked as the dark horse, to be left as though they were tied to a stake showed what Columbia and Cornell were doing. So it went for the second mile, the

rest nowhere, Columbia and Cornell way out in front. Rowing practically the same stroke, sometimes one a point or two higher, sometimes the other, there was very little to choose between them, although Columbia always showed the better form, the cleaner watermanship. At times the roughening water seemed to bother Cornell and they splashed considerably, but Columbia hardly at all, although we always had the worst of the course. After the second mile the nose of our shell began to show in front. Little by little after each desperate spurt of Cornell superbly answered by Downing, we crept away farther and farther—until at the bridge, the three-mile mark, we had a length and shortly after the precious open water began to show. When we answered their desperate spurt opposite the Cornell boat-house and took back the ten feet or so they had gained and a little more, and passed the three and a half mile mark with the same lead, over a length, rowing in the same superb form, the victory

was not only in our grasp, the race in our hands, it was already put away on ice. Then just as Downing was about to raise the stroke for the final, the triumphant spurt, the break totally unexpected, not to be foreseen, came and we had lost.

Gentlemen of the Varsity, it was tough, bitterly hard on you, but you must feel, you know, it was equally hard on us who were with you heart and soul that day, are with you now, and will be with you heart and soul at Poughkeepsie next June.

A couple of days after I went up to New London to be Mr. Meikleham's guest, as I had been for a number of years past, on the referee's boat. I found that Poughkeepsie, our race with Cornell, had made a deep impression, far more so than usual. Yale was too full of their own troubles to bother much about anything, but Harvard knew all about the Cornell crew. They had learned of their trials, the fastest ever rowed at Cayuga, the crack Harvard Varsity itself had been



beaten by them some two or three lengths in their two-mile race on Decoration day, and as rowing men they well knew what our Columbia crew must be to lead such a Cornell crew over a length for three and a half miles, and then only to lose for the reason we did, the collapse of one man.

The strength of this impression was brought home to me by a curious little incident. I had met on the referee's boat a couple of years ago a Mr. Shillito, an old Harvard oar and father of Harvard oars. By the way, he gave the Harvard Freshmen this year the English shell in which they rowed their race with Yale. After the Varsity race he came up to me in the Griswold House and put his hands on my shoulders. "It's too bad, old man," he said, "we had to give you such a licking." I drew myself up proudly and looked him straight in the eye. "That's all right, Mr. Shillito, but you're barking up the wrong tree. I'm not Yale, I'm Columbia." Something in my expression must have

told him what I was thinking of at that moment, what Columbia would have done to that race had we been there, for he tacitly acknowledged it in his reply. "Why, of course, I apologize; Columbia had a great crew."

As Mr. Meikleham told us in his article in the *Alumni News* on the stroke, Cornell before they went abroad in '95 rowed entirely differently. After his return, however, Courtney taught them practically the same stroke they have been rowing ever since. In '97 they easily beat Yale and Harvard at Poughkeepsie and in '98 went up to New London and did the same thing. Since then the Cornell stroke has reigned supreme. Occasionally under some special circumstances or by some unusual combination of men they have been beaten, but on the average their sustained rowing form, the Cornell stroke, has been justly considered without a peer. The last two or three years, however, the public has been brought to realize that there is a new

Richmond in the field, and this fact was absolutely driven home at Poughkeepsie last June. To my mind it is the great lesson of rowing season of 1911.

We cannot say the King is dead but a full half of his domain has been taken from him, and over it now reigns a younger monarch destined some day to fully supplant him. The Cornell stroke as taught by "Old Man Courtney" is still great, as great as ever, but in the Columbia stroke as taught by Jim Rice and rowed by our Columbia crews it has met its full match at last.



V

MY CROWDED HOUR



## V

### MY CROWDED HOUR

WHEN I was in college we were in the habit of spending our summers on Great South Bay opposite Fire Island. It was a very attractive place, plenty of good sailing in small boats, still water bathing on our side of the bay, and with the Surf Hotel at Fire Island, with fine surf bathing, a pleasant objective point to sail to across the bay. There was also at times very excellent blue fishing, both the tamer "chumming" in the bay and the more exciting trolling for the big ones outside in Fire Island inlet.

While most of us lived in cottages, there was a big summer hotel right near which made a gathering point, and with plenty of boys of

about my own age and no end of girls, we all managed to have a mighty good time.

When I was about twenty, in my junior year I think it was, a Southern girl from Richmond began to spend her summers there. She was more than attractive and I was "hard hit" at once. A fine, big upstanding girl, fond of sailing, bathing, and all out-of-door sports. This was before the days of the present feminine ideal came into vogue—hipless, match-like persons with a curious suggestion of a question as to where the machinery could be concealed which caused them to run, but "run" nevertheless they certainly do. She had a bountiful, generous young figure, most attractive in its young womanhood, but which to expert eyes carried with it a menace for the near future. She was very pretty in a wholesome way, spoiled as became such a young Southern beauty, and with a curious little ever-present pout to her very full underlip, which always suggested to me the quivering premonition given by a



baby's mouth just before it is going to cry.

We became great friends immediately and soon were recognized as one of the "Pairs" so customary and almost inevitable in the summer life of such boys and girls. As a tribute to her spoiled imperiousness and because it struck me as perhaps a little romantic, I nicknamed her "Reine" and called her so for years, which was eminently satisfactory to me and apparently most pleasing to her Majesty.

We had no end of pleasant times together. I remember well one very amusing little incident. At that time she was stopping at Patchogue, a couple of stations farther on, and asked me over to spend the day with her.

She was at the station to meet me. The picture of health, brown as a berry, and with her blue eyes, and a most becoming tam-o'-shanter which set off her fair hair, in (those days girls wore home-knit tam-o'-shanters), she looked good enough to eat. After our greetings she said, "I've planned a fine day,

just what you like to do." I interjected that when I had not seen her for months any day with her, no matter what we did, would be fine. But she brushed aside this frivolity and went right on. "A friend of mine has a new boat, the best in the bay, and he's loaned her to me; we'll sail all day long." Nothing could have suited me better. As she knew, I loved small boats, and to sail a new one, a crackerjack, with Reine as mate, would be all to the merry.

It was a perfect summer day with a good full sail breeze blowing and we lost no time in getting out. The ideal weather had tempted every one and the bay was full of boats. As the best sailing ground was rather circumscribed and we sailed morning and afternoon, before the day was over we had had friendly brushes with practically every possible rival of our little borrowed champion, and to my shame be it confessed we had been worsted in each and every one. I had not seen Reine for months and with the man at the wheel or

---

rather the man at the tiller only too anxious to be talked to and to talk, and some unfamiliarity with the precise type of boat I was sailing, the results were more than disastrous. Reine told me afterwards that the owner of the boat was furious. It took him months of hard work to get back to the position he had so securely occupied before my frivolous treatment of serious matters had so abused his pride.

She kept coming up for several summers. In the winters while I never got to Richmond, she had relatives and friends in Brooklyn whom she used to visit several times a year, and on these occasions I would run over from New York and see a good deal of her. It was a typical young college man's friendship, with decided leanings towards the sentimental side. I had not the slightest intention of settling down, which I think she understood, and we never crossed the boundary line, although at times we played, I must confess, pretty close to it. In all this period she quite properly

considered herself my best girl and I had not the least quarrel with the little airs of proprietorship which, in her Southern way, she assumed whenever we were thrown together.

This had been going on for three or four years with every apparent prospect of continuing indefinitely, but the unexpected, to me at least, happened. I received a letter from her announcing her engagement to Donald Caldwell. I knew Donald well. He was a very nice quiet fellow, also from Richmond, and had been up several times to visit her when she was spending her summers North. He had always fitted in the routine of our outdoor life so naturally and pleasantly that I had ceased to regard him after the first few days as a disturbing element at all, but he had evidently been spending the long winter months to better advantage.

Well, after telling me she knew I would rather have the news from her than from any one else, she went on to say that she was coming up to Brooklyn for one of her visits and

---

suggested that I should come the following Wednesday to talk over old times.

I really felt very badly. I knew how I would miss our many pleasant little times together, but I wanted her to be happy and Donald was a good fellow and ought to make her so. Always of a cheerful, optimistic disposition, by the time Wednesday came round I was almost reconciled and started off quite gayly, determined to make the best of the situation.

We were both a little embarrassed at first but this soon wore off and then my crowded hour began. I felt that the barriers were down. Things that I had wanted to say to her for years now became possible and I gave myself free rein. As I warmed to my work I believe I had never enjoyed myself so thoroughly and I saw that I was making an impression.

When I pictured my future so desolate without her I could detect a pitying, almost tender expression in her young blue eyes.

Who could know as well as she all that I was going to lose? When I left I felt like the Irishman, who, when they asked him on his deathbed whether he repented, said, "Faith, why should I repent—I never missed an opportunity." I certainly had made the most of my great opportunity. But my self-congratulation was short-lived. A couple of days after I received the shock of my life, a note from her saying that she knew I would be interested to hear that she and Donald had quarrelled and their engagement was broken off. This was bad enough, but the feminine postscript in which she said without any apparent connection with the body of the letter, "P.S. It seemed to me I never really understood you until the other afternoon," was a finisher.

It was another illustration of the eternal truth of the old saying, "You cannot dance without paying the Piper," and I kept paying the Piper on the installment plan for miserable days. It was not possible that I

---

had been the cause—was to blame. No, but that damning postscript, “I never really understood you until the other afternoon,” and so I went over and over it all, pros and cons, trying to extract such miserable comfort as I could but with scant success. I never was so thoroughly upset in my life but after a wretched week another letter came which put me out of my misery—“The quarrel was all a mistake, a little temporary misunderstanding, and she and Donald were to be married right after New Year’s.” It was not until I had enjoyed my feeling of relief to the full, and then thought it all calmly over, that I began to realize how thoroughly the joke was on me both coming and going, and this realization was confirmed by the course of after events. Her marriage proved an ideally happy one.





## VI

### ALUMNI RECEPTION



## VI

### ALUMNI RECEPTION

**I**F I were here in an individual capacity, after the more than complimentary remarks of your Chairman, all you would see of me would be my coat-tails; but I have the honor to be representing the Upper Eighties, and with my Society behind me, I am going to stand by the talking machine, be it the Victor or the Vanquished.

The name of our Society, the Upper Eighties, may sound a little like a real estate proposition in a thriving section of our great city, but I can assure you that although we were only brought to the attention of the public, only organized last March, there is nothing speculative about us. We are to-day an absolute established success. If you take any stock

in us you can be perfectly certain of one thing—you will find no water there or thereabouts.

After the Dinner of the Older Graduates this winter I was severely taken to task by one of their most prominent members for having addressed them as "old" graduates instead of "older" graduates. This is the first public opportunity I have had to set myself straight and I want to say now, in one respect at least, they are like the rose,—whether you call them older graduates or by any other name, they 're a sweet smelling old bunch, with something of dewiness, of freshness, that is almost supernatural when you consider the days, the years, the decades that they have been a source of delight, of pride to us younger graduates. Mr. Benedict, '74, is their prize exhibit, their champion rose, but there are plenty of others right in his class. There, Ben Lawrence, is that apology ample, or will I have to take another try at it?

What shall I say of the Early Eighties and Jim Livingston? Jim is that Joshua who,

---

when the sun of Columbia enthusiasm was setting fast, not only bade it stand still but to return to noonday warmth and brilliancy. It recognized its master's voice and has stayed fixed there ever since.

Mighty are the Early Eighties and Jim Livingston has been their prophet. I have said what I am saying several times before and am going to keep on saying it every chance I get. Every Columbia man owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Early Eighties and Jim Livingston and that little band—you know them all—Jerry Romaine, George Renault, George Barnes, Ambrose Henry, Billy Demorest, Bob Arrowsmith, and the rest of them who have done so much to make the Early Eighties what they are; and the mantle of Jim's leadership has fallen on most worthy shoulders. There is no one whom Columbia men have cause to honor more than Dr. Reginald H. Sayre, the present President of the Early Eighties.

The informality, the hominess, the at-

hominess, of this reception is most pleasant. On several occasions lately I have been obliged to tune my lyre to quite lofty strains, but between ourselves, I think the old instrument never sounds quite so well as when it is playing ragtime like to-night.

By the way, it is curious how harmoniously I get along with that lyre. When the Spanish explorer, Cortez, and his knights invaded America they brought with them their trained chargers, only less terrible in battle than the knights themselves. The poor Mexicans who tried to oppose them, with their weapons tipped with glass, thought for a time the steel-clad man and horse were one—some strange, new, terrible beast.

So it is with me and my lyre. From previous training and natural adaptability we work together so perfectly that it is almost impossible to separate man and instrument. You could easily fancy them a complete whole, a liar of some strange design and even more gigantic proportions than those

---

generally encountered in our everyday life.

I am a robust optimist on Columbia. I have been saying this so much lately that I almost feel like the barker who stands outside the big circus tent and tells the people the wonders within, and I love the part. There has been too much of cavil, of criticism at Morningside. The world, as you know, is prone to take us at our own valuation. We have a good thing, a great thing there, and I hold it the bounden duty of every Columbia man to say so in no uncertain tone on every occasion, fitting or otherwise; and in our crowing, gentlemen, unlike the precedent established by Mr. Charles Frohman, who gave the part to a woman, Maude Adams, we want men to play the rôle of Chantecler.

Speaking for the Society of the Upper Eighties, we thank you most heartily for your hospitality.





## VII

### MY LADY'S POWDER-BOX



## VII

### MY LADY'S POWDER-BOX

SHE was a beautiful girl, certainly the most beautiful girl I have ever known, and probably as beautiful a girl as I have ever seen. Rather tall, with a slim but well rounded figure, with a something peculiarly her own of grace and elegance in all her movements, golden brown hair with burnished copper lights in it, eyes of a most wonderful blue and very expressive, the most aristocratic little nose you ever saw, but with nothing of severity about it, and the most beautiful pair of hands, with long, tapering, artistic fingers, she was about as perfect as a girl could be. Her nose was one of the most characteristic of her points. My grandfather was a singularly handsome man (accidents will happen

in the best regulated families), with rarely perfect features, and I used to tell her that her nose always reminded me of a marble bust we had of him in our library. I have forgotten to mention her complexion, which was most wonderful in the delicacy and clearness of its coloring.

As was perfectly natural with so much beauty, she was very fond of having her photograph taken. I will never forget one of them. Some photographer, appreciating her possibilities, took her in the same pose as one of the famous pictures of Emma Eames. In low-cut dress with her beautiful hair in two great braids, probably a bit artfully flattened for photographic purposes, thrown over her shoulders across her breast, she made the Emma Eames picture look like thirty cents. I speak of this photograph very feelingly as for years it was one of my proudest possessions.

She was a curiously gifted girl and had far more than her beauty, remarkable as that was. In fact, to use the language which the baseball

---

fan applies to his favorite pitcher, she had everything—Speed, Curves, and Control. Very intelligent, with a fine sense of humor, healthy as a fish, fond of all sport, a fine swimmer and good tennis player—although she did all such things rather with the air of their being a necessary accomplishment of My Lady, never losing for an instant even in the midst of them her peculiarly personal attributes of daintiness and a little something which showed her innate fondness for ease and luxury, one of her strongest characteristics. Her sense of humor was really very remarkable, most uncommonly so for a woman. I shall never forget one little thing she said to me. I lived at that time in Fortieth Street. Right opposite in Forty-second Street was a well-known bookseller named F. E. Grant. He was a great believer in advertising of a personal nature and in everything he sent out, and he sent a lot all over that section, he would print in big red letters at the top, "When calling, please ask to see Mr. Grant." One day Claire and I

were bicycling; in those days every one had a wheel. As we went up Riverside Drive past Grant's Tomb, she turned to me and said, "Ralph, do you know what would be a good inscription to put over the tomb?" "No, Claire, what?" "When calling please ask to see Mr. Grant."

It is curious how few really good things you yourself hear said and what a lasting impression they make on you. Claire's remark has been a joy to me for all these years. Digressing a moment, the best thing I myself ever heard was gotten off by the late Frank R. Stockton at my mother's dinner table. He was an old family friend of ours and it was a little dinner happening to fall on St. Valentine's Eve. Among the sweets was a decoration appropriate for the day—five hearts hanging by different colored ribbons. On each one was a letter, A-M-O-U-R. Mr. Stockton held them for a moment in his hand, dangling them by their bright ribbons. "That 's rather a sad commentary on nine-

---

teenth-century affection," he said; "it takes five Hearts to make one Love."

But to get back to my little story.

As was to be expected, she had countless admirers and a number of devoted suitors. Although I had known her since she was sixteen and we shared every taste in common, it was only by the most strenuous efforts that I kept a place near the top of the list, but I think I can say with becoming modesty that I did so for a number of years. Here, however, was an instance where the old saying, "There 's plenty of room at the top," did not apply at all. Even there each one of us felt in daily mortal peril of being crowded out. She had one suitor who always stood out with us all as a special menace. He was not only an attractive man but wealthy, and wealth worked to its full capacity must ever be a power, especially where luxurious young women are concerned. I often joked her about her millionaire Possibility or rather Probability.

At about this period from a lost Philopena or some other nonsense I owed her a little present and asked her what she would like to have. She said, "Ralph, a friend of mine showed me the other day something new and very pretty—a heart-shaped silver powder-box. If you can find one I would like to have that." I told her if the city of New York contained it it would be hers. I always think a mere present without some little personal turn or excuse for giving it is stupid, and in the present case where she had suggested herself the nature of the gift, it was all the more necessary to add some touch of originality if I could. I cudgeled my brains and at last hit on an idea. We had one initial in common and I worked out a little monogram of our combined initials with an inscription, and then trotted off to Gorham's to see whether I could find the box she had described. They had the exact thing, very pretty and attractive indeed. I then took out my little piece of paper on which was the monogram and in-



---

scription and asked the clerk whether he could put them on. He was the type that only waiting behind such counters seems to breed—with that superciliousness, that over spick-and-span neatness, which is so characteristic of them all. He took the little pad with the monogram and read the inscription:

“Those whom Silver Hath Joined Together,  
Let not Gold put Asunder.”

He lifted his cold fish-like eyes and looked at me over his exaggeratedly high standing collar, but not a muscle of his face moved. “Sort of a joke, is n’t it?” All of a sudden I felt very young and foolish. “Yes, sort of a one,” I replied, as I mopped my forehead. “All right,” he said, “we can do it.”

She was delighted with the box and tickled to death with the little inscription and I felt far more than repaid for my trouble. A short time after she told me she was going to visit the family of the millionaire Possibility

for a week or so. I asked her a bit maliciously whether she was going to take the box along. "Why, yes, Ralph," she said, "of course; but I've scratched it with a hairpin so it's pretty hard to read."

I visited her the other day at her magnificent country home at Newport. With two beautiful children, jewels, Poiret gowns, half a dozen automobiles, etc., she possesses everything that devotion and great wealth can supply and the heart of woman desire. Ah, me! I wonder if she still has the little scratched powder-box.

## VIII

### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT



## VIII

### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

“SOME one to see you, sir.” “All right, show him in.” And he entered my office, presenting a letter of introduction. It was from a very dear friend of mine and read as follows: “This will introduce to you Mr. —, a brother author, and a man who has been on the staff of the New York — for a good many years. He has been ill and he needs a little help just now which I wish I could give him. Perhaps you will let him talk to you and explain his needs. I shall deeply appreciate it if you will listen.”

I turned and looked him over. He was a man of fifty-five or sixty, quite well dressed and evidently a gentleman, with something in his appearance and accent distinguishing him

from an American, probably an Englishman or Irishman. "Well, what can I do for you?" I said. He went on to give me his story, speaking in a very pleasant cultivated voice and displaying an unusual and taking personality, with something attractive and whimsical in the way he put things.

It seems he had been doing occasional work for one of the big New York papers, not regularly on the staff, but a sort of a free-lance, apparently mostly in the line of little humorous poems. He showed me a specimen or two with some press notices, most flattering. I had just been going through this sort of thing myself with my first book recently published and could not help laughing inwardly; he interspersed his remarks with the press notices, etc., in so precisely the same way I could see I had been inflicting myself on my friends. I tried to slide in edgewise a few things about my book but it was no use, and this utter lack of diplomacy on his part had its appeal. He was absolutely hard-up, he went on to say,—

---

there was little money in this sort of work, whatever the glory might be,—and had conceived the idea of going on the lecture platform and in some way had connected with a proposition to start the project in Oklahoma, but had to raise the money to get there. Two old friends of his, prominent business men whose names he gave me, had agreed, he said, to give him twenty-five dollars apiece if he could raise the balance, but so far he had had no success. Most of his friends were among newspaper men and, “As you know, Mr. Morgan,” he remarked, “newspaper men never have any ready money.” I listened patiently and then said to him, “This is all very well, but why should you come to me, an entire stranger?” “Bless me,” he replied, “if I know, or why Mrs. ——— should have sent me.” There was something engaging about his frankness and I began to waver, although my first instinct was to turn the proposition down flatly. It is a general rule with very few exceptions that where a man comes to a person on whom he has

no possible claim for money, it means that he has exhausted the patience of his friends and is not worthy. I like every one else had had my experiences of this kind and have never been lucky enough as yet to stumble on the undoubted exceptions to the rule.

I read my friend's letter over again. I had great confidence in her judgment and the tone of it was such that she evidently thought that he deserved being helped. I was seized by a sudden impulse. "All right," I said. "You say that by squeezing things right down, if you can raise one hundred dollars you can get there. I'll let you have fifty dollars, providing you can raise the other fifty dollars." I dictated a little line saying, "To sum up the result of our interview, I hereby agree to loan you \$50.00 towards the \$100.00 which you say you need to enable you to get to Oklahoma to fill the lecture engagement offered, provided you can get the other \$50.00 from a friend or friends," and signed it on my business paper. I thought this would be a help



to him in raising the balance, and as long as I was going to do it, thought it best not to do it by halves. He was delighted and most profuse in his thanks, saying he would be back the following day or the day after at the latest.

Sure enough, two days later he turned up again in high spirits. He blew in breezily with the salutation, "How is the great Mr. Morgan to-day?" I let this sally pass unnoticed and asked him, "What luck?" "Fine," he said, and showed me three letters each agreeing to let him have \$10.00. "That makes \$80.00 but I think by squeezing I can do it all on \$100.00 and can make up the balance myself." "Do it on \$100.00?" I interjected. "Make up the balance? What about the men who promised to give you \$25.00 each, have they gone back on their word?" "Why, bless my soul, no, I had to have my teeth fixed and that took \$35.00." I laughed aloud. Here was the artistic temperament with a vengeance. "What are you going to do with the \$50.00 I gave you, get a hair-cut?" He

grinned appreciatively, murmured once more that he would always be grateful for my kindness, and gayly betook himself off. Shall I ever see him again? "I hae ma doots."

IXI

ANNAPOLIS CELEBRATION

•



## IXI

### ANNAPOLIS CELEBRATION

#### GENTLEMEN OF THE VARSITY CREW:

Speaking for the alumni who saw you from the *Commodore* Saturday, I can tell you we think you are hot stuff. The three hundred experts and the half a dozen non-experts, who got aboard by mistake, agree absolutely in this. Seriously, we thought we had never seen a crew row so well at this time of the year. It was not only the splendid leg-drive, slow, easy recover, and good blade work, which Dr. Peet has spoken so well of, but it was an indescribable something of litheness, of latent power, of fire and dash, that appealed to us.

Perhaps the policy of saying this in the middle of the season with the final test yet to

come may be questioned, but truth like murder will out, and much of this must, of course, be already known to you. The logic of events is strong and it was writ so that you who rowed so well could read—on the backs of Annapolis, the conqueror of Pennsylvania and Syracuse, and by some miracle of optics, you could never see it so clearly as when you crossed the finish line with the crack navy crew over three lengths away.

You crew men give a great deal to the college. There are months of hard work, much of it drudgery with self-denial on every side, but take it from me, you are and will be well repaid. You know already the glorious exhilaration which comes when after all the preparation you are put to the test and find that you are all there and a well-deserved victory is yours. And how you respect your antagonist who has made you do your damndest to win, "The stern joy that warriors feel at foemen worthy of their steel." We are but human and perhaps would not love them

quite so like brothers if the event had not proved that we were just a bit the better men. This is something of your reward now but it will come to you the rest of your life. Nothing so keeps alive your interest in college matters and your Alma Mater as to have given her your best when you were there, to have won for her splendid victories, and even to have suffered for her defeats, hardly less splendid, when you did your part like men. I happened to be at a luncheon of a very important Columbia Alumni Committee the other day where Billie Demorest spoke of this; how in after life almost every time you found a man who was working hard and doing things for his college, you found an old athlete. Billie, himself, is a glorious exception and there are I am glad to say others. The man who does his best to help along, who manages, who organizes, and even the ardent and devoted rooter, is worthy of his hire as well.

I have spoken of what you feel, but you must know how you make us old alumni feel when

you win such a victory as Annapolis. I was at New Haven that Saturday and came down with an old Cornell friend, Mr. Berry. We had both been officials at the Yale-Harvard meet. We could get no news until we reached New York, but when I saw the extra and that Columbia had beaten Annapolis by over three lengths, I gave a whoop, and when I saw that Pennsylvania had beaten Yale eight lengths, I whooped again, and Berry, like the good sport he is, whooped with me both times. His reason was nothing like so strong, but as a Cornell man he wanted the supremacy of Poughkeepsie above New London to be established, and the day was all to the good. I spoke at this time to him of how we admired the beautiful form of the Cornell crews. He said, and you can imagine how delighted I was to hear it, that that was all right, but up at Ithaca they thought no crews could row better than the Columbia crews as coached by Jim Rice, and I believe he meant it.

But let's turn now to Poughkeepsie, which



---

is, of course, what you are all working for. The first half of your season has been a glorious success, but it is Poughkeepsie which really counts. Those of you who were at the Rowing Mass Meeting in February know what I think of the Poughkeepsie Regatta, what the winning of it means. Speaking with my most deliberate judgment, I said then and I say now, it is the greatest sporting event in the world. What the English Derby is to horse racing, the Poughkeepsie Regatta is to amateur sport. It is the blue ribbon event. This statement will bear the closest analysis—in football you only have a contest between two teams, in baseball it is the same, and while a great track meet like the Intercollegiates is most interesting, you cannot get that intensity, that focalized interest, you get in the other three forms of athletics. When it comes to rowing, the Poughkeepsie Regatta is in a class by itself. The Harvard-Yale race and the Oxford-Cambridge race are big contests, but between only two crews, which often resolve

themselves almost from the start into a procession, and while the Grand Challenge Race at the English Henley is probably considered the greatest event in the world, the distance is only 1 mile, 550 yards, and of necessity it is a wild spurt, the crews sprinting at 40 and upwards with none of the beautiful pace and swing of a four-mile crew. Moreover, it is rowed in heats with only two crews in a heat. The Varsity Race at Poughkeepsie with its six crews, and the class of America among those crews, stands alone.

Let us look ahead twenty years. It is some celebration, some dinner, such as the three societies had Saturday at Arrow Head Inn. Presiding is that ornament of the Bench whose career has been a source of pride to all Columbia men, with the same clear blue eye and something of decision and firmness about his mouth we have always known, but his blond head is now all silver. It is Judge Bogue, our old friend Morton Bogue. He rises and says, "No rowing celebration would be com-

---

plete without speaking of the Columbia victory at Poughkeepsie of 1911, and we are fortunate enough to have with us to-night several of that crew." Phillips or Downing, or whoever of you are there,—and I hope every one of you will be,—will get up and we will cheer you to the echo, and you will be glad you have lived and are alive, and we will absolutely agree with you in both sentiments and—some one shake me hard, I'm dreaming; but I believe you can and will make the first part of the dream come true at Poughkeepsie on June 27th, and if you do, we guarantee absolutely that the rest will follow in due course, even to Bogue's becoming a judge.



## **X.**

**TRYING IT ON A NEW SPECIES OF DOG**



## X.

### TRYING IT ON A NEW SPECIES OF DOG

I WAS on my way uptown the other afternoon, standing, as is my custom, on the back platform of the elevated car to get a little air and sun. I had with me several copies of a little book of mine just published, the first I had ever written. It had a blue and white paper slip cover with large letters and I happened to place them alongside of me on the platform with the lettering up.

About Bleeker Street four or five Postal Telegraph messenger boys got on and stayed out on the platform where I was standing. They were doing some rough skylarking, as such boys will, and once or twice came very close to me. Suddenly one of them noticed the little pile of books. I saw him leaning

over trying to read the lettering on the paper cover of my new hobby. I am a great believer in trying anything of this kind on as many classes of people as you can conveniently get at, and it suggested itself to me that here was an unusual and most interesting species of dog right handy. I said to the boy nearest me, "Would you like to look at the book?" And I took it up in my hand and showed it to him. They all gathered around. The frontispiece was a picture of me in golf knickers. "Gee!" he said, "it 's him," and they all crowded over. I saw I had my audience with me from the start. I told them that I had written it myself, showed one of the illustrations, a coat-of-arms in four colors, which was very striking and pretty, and the title of an article on Mike Murphy—College Trainer, and asked them whether they had heard of Mike. They all had and were very much interested and wanted to know how much the book sold for. I said, "A dollar and a quarter." Luckily, perhaps, they did n't catch the dollar part but



said it looked like a mighty good book and well worth a quarter.

Just as the train was drawing up to Eighteenth Street, the station at which I was going to get out, I was seized with an impulse. The leader was a bright little fellow who looked like an Italian. I asked him whether he could read. He replied, he certainly could. I told him he must show me and made him read the title-page, which he did very well. My idea was to give him one of the copies, but I realized that if he appeared with a handsome little book, such as it was, in his possession, they would think he had picked it up somewhere or perhaps even stolen it. As the train was already slacking its speed I did n't have time to ask his name but pulled out my stylographic pen and taking a look at his cap, said, "Your number is 2809?" "Yes, sir," he answered, "2809," and I hastily scrawled on the fly-leaf, "To my friend, No. 2809," and shoved the book in his hand, just managing to get out as the guard was slamming the gate. I turned

around and took one last look on my way to the elevated stairs. There was my little book entirely surrounded by boys, each one shouting at the top of his voice.

## XI

### OUTING OF THE THREE SOCIETIES



## XI

### OUTING OF THE THREE SOCIETIES

SPRING is in the air and this is no time for long dinners or set speeches. Besides, I hardly consider that I am called on in my official capacity as President of the Upper Eighties. The jeweled baton of my leadership reposes securely in the safe and the only one who knows the combination, the office boy, went this afternoon to the ball game to see the Giants.

Moreover, I had supposed, and George Renault will bear me out, that there was to be nothing serious, nothing formal about this occasion. Life, to be sure, is always more or less of a gamble, but these few hours, the spring outing of our three Societies, were to be

but a gambol on the green, with the only stakes those furnished by our genial host, Ben Riley.

The fact that your Committee instead of ordering steak has seen fit to provide chicken has caused this sentiment, although perfect in every detail, to be technically classed as damaged, and no unreasonable offer will be refused.

This is not the first time that the question of a selection of diet has been fraught with the gravest consequences. It is related of Marie Antoinette that when they told her that the people of Paris were crying for bread, she replied, "Why don't they eat cake?" And this remark, as illustrating her essential frivolity and lack of comprehension of the true condition of her subjects, did more than any one thing to cause her to lose her head. As a matter of fact, how many times has a failure to understand the true theory of breadstuffs caused a woman not only to lose her head but her husband as well. Too much saleratus or

half-baked biscuits have ruined many a happy home.

Hold hard—back water! Here I am going on almost like Byron's lady in *Don Juan*, who, saying she 'd ne'er consent, consented. In a minute more you 'd have me making a speech. Start me off these days and I seem to get spouting like an old town pump, but I was going to hold myself sternly in check to-night.

I had intended to conclude without setting off any red fire, without even attempting, as is proper, to perorate with a little blaze, but how can I? This is Regatta Day and the splendid victory of our Varsity at Annapolis with its happy augury for Poughkeepsie is fresh in all our minds. It was a magnificent triumph both for the crew and for the Columbia stroke as taught by Jim Rice. Rice is not only a great coach—there is no better in America—but he has a remarkable gift of terse expression. I will never forget a speech he made at a rowing mass meeting this winter. There had

been a lot of hot air in which Kitty Morgan, myself, and that past master of the radiator, the Chairman, Jim Livingston, played a prominent part, and great enthusiasm, especially when Rice's name was mentioned. You know he is a Canadian, and when he was called on this is what he said: "Gentlemen, I had thought of going to the Thousand Islands for a vacation, spending a week on each island, but I'll stay." That was all, but I don't think I ever heard a speech which expressed so much in as few words.

I was reminded of this by the instructions which they say he gave our crew just before the start at Annapolis. They sum up absolutely the best theory of rowing a match race between two crews. "Keep the stroke up till you get ahead of them, then lengthen out and watch them. When they sprint you sprint, and when they don't sprint, you sprint anyhow." It was stern stuff and with such a crew as the Navy not



easy to follow, but we have an eight that proved themselves worthy of such a coach and gloriously able to carry out such a program.



## XII

### THE TERRIBLE SWEDE



## XII

### THE TERRIBLE SWEDE

IT was my first visit to a very attractive inn at the east end of Long Island. I only knew one or two people there, although I had many old friends among the cottagers, and was naturally curious to see with whom I was going to spend three or four weeks in the more or less intimacy which must prevail at such summer resorts. My cursory inspection the night of my arrival proved rather disappointing, but the next morning I noticed a very attractive woman, who, although she seemed to know almost every one, seemed to prefer to sit by herself much of the time. I inquired who she was and was told, "That's Miss Anderson, Christine Anderson, the actress." I knew her work well and was surprised that

I had not recognized her. She had made several big hits and was rightly considered very exceptional in her combination of great artistic ability with a very unusual temperament, a true artist to her finger tips.

The following day I missed her. I learned afterwards she had been off on some little trip but she came back that evening. I took the usual steps to secure an introduction, although in this case they happened to prove very amusing. I asked a young man there whom I had known very casually, although for a number of years, whether he knew Miss Anderson. He said he did. I said, "Then I want you to introduce me." He answered, "Why, I'm not sure whether it's Mrs. or Miss." "I know it is Miss, but what difference does that make anyhow?" He said, "You don't mean now?" It was about ten o'clock at night and she was in the main hallway of the inn. I said, "Why not now—the sooner the better; come ahead." He saw further holding back was useless and nervously led me

---

forward. "Miss Anderson, I want to present to you my very old and dear friend, Mr. Morgan. I will be right back." With a little embarrassed laugh he left us and that was the last we saw of him that evening.

I found her far more attractive even than I expected, which is saying a good deal. Her ability and artistic temperament I was quite prepared for, but her remarkable sense of humor, with a certain cheery winsomeness and wholesomeness, was a delightful and surprising revelation.

The following evening was a beautiful starlight night and we were walking up and down the porch. She stopped and said, "That's Jupiter." "Jupiter, what's Jupiter?" "Why the star, that star up there." "Yes, perhaps it is, but why Jupiter particularly?" "He's looking at it now." I could n't imagine quite what I was up against but saw there was a little something at least of seriousness back of the laugh in her eyes. "Who's 'He' and what's all this nonsense?"

"He's a Hungarian, a very charming Hungarian, and I received this postal from him to-day." She showed me a foreign picture postal with a few lines scrawled on it alongside the address, winding up, "I saw the Star last night." It was all very interesting, of course, but I was forced to tell her that the idea of her looking at a star with some other foreign idiot doing it at the same time at certain fixed intervals could not be expected to arouse feelings of wild exultation in my manly breast. She laughed and said that I must n't take it too seriously as he was married and his wife was a great friend of hers. Although I had to admit that this was a mitigating circumstance, I assured her that it was not absolutely a safe foundation to rest on, as history had proved in many such cases. She went on to tell me that he was a very interesting foreigner whom she had met when in Bad Wilddungen a year ago. He had the temperament and natural instinct for doing charming little things to please women in



---

which such foreigners were far ahead of the Americans. He used for instance to meet her every morning at the Kürsall with a flower which he would present with his foreign courtly bow.

It was a pretty little story and very charmingly told, but I found that even at this early date my mood was hardly such as to permit me to do it full justice.

But I am forgetting that only a favored few of you at the most are fortunate enough to know Miss Christine Anderson. I am displaying almost the reluctance of my introducing young friend. Ring up the curtain, another Star, not Jupiter this time, is ready to make her formal entrance.

She had golden brown hair brushed so close and sleekly that it had a peculiar sheen, the absolute trimness only relieved by a few curly locks which seemed to force themselves loose around her forehead. Wonderfully expressive big eyes which most people, probably deceived by her general coloring, thought were blue,

but there was not a particle of blue in them, greens and grays, with green as the prevailing tint. She had a trick at times of making them seem almost round like a child's. A good-sized nose (to me a small nose either on a man or woman always suggests something of insignificance), most expressive in its irregularity. What does Victor Hugo say of Cosette's nose?—"A true Parisian nose, the despair of painters and the delight of poets." Her mouth was her most striking feature, the most attractive mouth I think I have ever seen. A good, big mouth, full, generous lips, with an unusual warmth of red in them, and with the upper lip coming to almost a little pendant point, which was quite noticeable in profile. When smiling they disclosed a mouthful of splendid, white, strong, irregular teeth. It is curious what an added attractiveness a little irregularity in teeth gives.

I shall never forget how she looked standing in the front line of the suffragettes around the speaker's platform, a purple and white band

---

with its "Votes For Women" worn conspicuously across her shoulder, in a close, low, pointed black straw hat (a Supreme Court Judge who stood alongside of me said she looked like a Monsignor); as she caught my eye, all smiles and curves, with pitfalls for the unwary or wary—for even they would have stood precious little chance—she added a terror heretofore totally unsuspected to the "Cause."

We had many interests in common and with the close association of such country life where every one is practically doing the same thing at the same time, we became great friends immediately. I had written a little book, my first offense, that spring and was naturally very proud of it. I gave her a copy to read. When she returned it she was most charming in her gracious appreciation. I wrote on the fly-leaf, "To the Terrible Swede, with the Compliments of the Author," and handed it back to her. "The Terrible Swede, how awful, how terrible!" This was a favorite exclamation of hers, but accompanied as it was by a

rounding of the eyes and a little uplifting of the brows, with a something foreign of intonation, not accent, in her glorious voice,—she had a beautiful full low voice,—it sounded entirely different from any other “awful” or “terrible” you ever dreamed of.

She was very fond of wearing pink in the mornings. In this, with her creamy white skin, and an indefinable something which for want of a better word I can only call luster, I told her once that she reminded me of Thackeray’s story, “The Great Pink Pearl.” It was an apt comparison.

But with all her varied attractions, the more I knew of her, her winsomeness and sunny wholesomeness, which I have spoken of above, stood out as her most remarkable characteristics. They reminded me of the story of Emerson’s going through a Boston graveyard. There were epitaphs of all kinds—beloved wives, deeply mourned wives, faithful and deserving wives, etc., but finally on a modest little tombstone in an obscure corner he read, “And

---

She Was So Pleasant," and he said it meant more to him than all the rest put together. I told her if I were unlucky enough to be alive at the time her inscription was going to read, "And She Was So Pleasant."

The days, so full of interest, of color, of warmth, flew by and she was to go. I was talking of it all to her and day-dreaming of what the future, the winter, had in store for us. She poked a little gentle fun at me, said it had been the moonlight, the close companionship of the country life, I would see how different the city would make it seem. I laughed the idea to scorn. "The city!—what possible difference could a few millions of people more or less make to us? New York! We would turn it into fields again, Elysian Fields; she 'd see, she 'd see."

And so she went, went as conquerors go, leaving utter devastation and desolation behind her. My friend, the Judge, in wishing me good-by a couple of days later, said, "Mr. Morgan, I hope the best of your vacation

is to come." "No, Judge," I replied, "it has come and gone—went on the 3.28 Wednesday." He laughed. "What a charming woman Miss Anderson was, and what a beautiful voice!"

And I had only looked for a peaceful three weeks in the open air. Ah! Life, Life, how Bewildering, how Ever Changing are thy Possibilities!

*A Selection from the  
Catalogue of*  
**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS**



**Complete Catalogue sent  
on application**

# The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go "Eelin"

By

**Charles Halsted Mapes**

12.<sup>o</sup> *Illustrated.* \$1.00 net. By mail, \$1.10

"Charles Halsted Mapes has written 'The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go Eelin', a little volume containing a dozen papers inspired chiefly by college sports. Mr. Mapes recites personal experiences and has given his book a very striking note of individual interest. He writes of college football and baseball and in his final chapters, of racing. A chapter on Mike Murphy carries a tribute to the old and loyal trainer which will be appreciated wherever the story of college athletics is even partly known."—*New York World*.

"The delightful manner in which Charles Halsted Mapes relates the incidents of college life and sport that have interested him justifies the publication of 'The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go Eelin'."—*New York Sun*.

"Not only will college men and lovers of athletics find much entertainment in this little volume; but everybody who has a heart will be moved sentimentally and aroused to admiration by reading these sketches written by a man truly full of his subject. Where will one find a cleaner cut character sketch than the opening, which details the annual dinner, alone and in state, of a down-and-out college man who was a 'good sport'? The tribute to Mike Murphy is a real gem and a deserved one. The stories of this popular trainer are to the point and reveal the great athlete in his finest spirit and noblest character."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"The opening sketch is a gem, the story of an old man who had fallen on distressful days, but once a year went to the Yale-Harvard football game. It will become a classic among college stories. Another sketch is an appreciation of Mike Murphy, the college athletic trainer, which will be enjoyed by the hundreds who have known him and his successful work."—*Boston Times*.

---

**G. P. Putnam's Sons**

New York

London













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 929 164 9